



The traumatic experiences of Highschool



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Chapter 1 by Stefani

'Remember highschool? 7th Grade.' I asked Gretel with a slight snigger.

"Who would ever forget!" Replied Gretel with a sense of relief in her voice.

Highschool is a traumatic experience. That I can tell you. The only thing I can say about it, is good luck! You'll need it.

My first year of highschool killed the living daylights out of me, mainly because our year spread anything to the rest of the year and before you knew it, everyone else knew!

This is my experience from my first year of highschool, and if you're reading this, beware that what I tell you now, you should really listen to.

I should know.

The first day started off as it would anywhere you go. Everyone was nervous. Trying to make friends, and getting lost around the school as to where their classes were.

I thought I wouldn't go through any of that.

But I was wrong.

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As soon as I walked into my
German, in fact, soon enough

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Tedesso. No he wasn't
deeply in my thoughts

He stood out from the others. His adorable bright eyes and Justin Bieber styled hair. Rosy cheeks and tallness that I admired. Amazing jawline and fit body. He was perfect. He wasn't going to slip out of my mind.

As weeks passed, I had thought about possibilities between us. Mrs Tedesco. Irish + Italian. Christian+ Catholic. We were completely different, but it was that connection we had that I just couldn't ignore.

Camp.

The three days that made and ruined my life.

It was the second night of camp and our year was heading to a disco. My friend Isabella had suspected Conor had liked her and was disgusted by it. I didn't want to know. I didn't want to feel jealous.

Earlier that day Isabella and Alysha had come up to me and told me with the sense of relief and happiness that they had heard Conor tell his mate he liked me. I didn't believe her. But my heart stopped beating when she said that. I acted like I didn't care. I didn't want rumors to spread. I didn't want anyone to know I liked him.

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